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TERMS.

WEEKLY. \$2 50 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1-2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 00 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 50 cts. for every subsequent insertion.

D. V. WHITING,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Pennsylvania,
Connecticut,
New Hampshire.

Santa Fe, Jan. 1, 1852—11.

NEBRASKA HOUSE,

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

BY

B. W. TODD.

I have removed from the "Noland House," to the "Nebraska House," in Independence, Missouri. The Nebraska House is a large new building, and has recently been much improved by alterations and additions. Having taken this house for a term of years, I intend to make every effort to promote the convenience and comfort of travellers. The patronage of my friends and the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

B. W. TODD.

January 1st 1853—11.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to do all kinds of cabinet and carpenter's work on the most reasonable terms. Shop, two doors above the store of Jesus Lora.
Santa Fe, May 7, 1853.—y JAMES H. CLIFT.

LOOK HERE!!

THE persons who have taken books from my store without permission, are requested to return them as soon as convenient. The particular attention of subscribers is called to this notice, and they are requested to immediately return Graham's Magazine of January and February 1853.

JAS. E. SABINE.

Aug. 6, 8—11.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, being about to leave this Territory, hereby gives notice that LEVI SPIEGELBERG is his only authorized agent, for the settlement of his business.
S. J. SPIEGELBERG.
Santa Fe, August 18, 1853—41.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY "DOW JR."

MIDSUMMER, LIKE LOVE: TOO WARM.

Text.—Each season possesses some beauty and charm.
But the charm of midsummer, like love is too warm.

My HEARERS; in my last discourse I spoke of change as being the order of things, and necessary to the comfort and happiness of us sublunary mortals. Now mark how the seasons change, and I say, if you can, that you are not satisfied therewith! Is it not all for the best? All spring, all summer, all autumn, or all winter, would be scarcely endurable. Each is good in its turn; for, as the Bard of Avon once said, Variety is the spice of life that gives it all its flavor—and an all-wise Providence seems to have so catered as to suit the tastes of even the most fastidious. The mild, mellow days of golden autumn are glorious to behold—there is music in the wild win is of winter; and while Nature is taking a comfortable nap beneath her snowy counterpane, we are having all sorts of fun, and making night merry with the tallest specimens of social enjoyment—in spring we feel rejuvenated, buoyant and hopeful; feel as though we were about to take a fresh start, with the grass, skunk-cabbages, and vegetation in general—and now in summer, we are enjoying the beauties of Nature, in the meridian of all her glory and splendor. The grass will never be greener—the foliage thicker—the flowers lovelier—the rivers bluer—the lakes calmer—the sun brighter—the dells darker—and I puff and pray that the weather may never be hotter!

My friends: (Phew! let me exercise my handkerchief a little)—it's hot enough to sweat all the sins out of Sabbath-breaking; and, if you had rather lay off at Hoboken, or Coney Island, than sit in this oven and here me agonize, I won't blame you for your choice. As it is written in the Second Epistle of Chabert to the Salamanders, Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless continent of shade! How do you aspiring hot-carriers stand it, upon the ladder to brick-laying distinction, to be pierced with Sol's fiery arrows for hours? When I think of your situations, a scalding, sympathetic tear drops inwardly upon my heart, and it sizzles like a tailor's goose. Phew!—phew!—the caloric drives all the gospel out of me. I feel as if I was frying in the fat of my own faith. My moral faculties are altogether unsoldered, and all by solid grace has resolved itself into liquid gravy. We must try, brethren, to keep as cool as we possibly can. Don't get excited up

on politics, or universal freedom; but wait till the dog-days are over—and then you may pump your passions into as high a state of effervescence as you like, with comparative safety; as the weather is now, there is some danger of bursting your physical boilers before you know it. A great deal depends upon the channel of your thoughts. I beseech of you not to think a moment of love, hell-fire, or hot whiskey punches; but let your thoughts rest upon some shady paradise, ice-creamades, a driving snow-storm, and the jingling of the sleigh-bells. Contrive to meet an old acquaintance in the street, and let him give you the cold shoulder as he passes—that will be as refreshing as a shower to the withering plant. Frost of friendship is a great thing when the thermometer threatens death and destruction to every living excitable object. Now is a good time to give you some understandable idea of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; but I am not such a cruel monster as to do it, at present. Your sufferings, I perceive are sufficiently severe, without their being augmented by the description of any hotter climate than this.

My hearers: your noses look like so many red pepper-pods by a garden fence; how is mine? I am glad to know, however, that your hearts are cold enough to prevent your melting into candle grease; and that, although you perspire like roasting pigs, you won't sweat out so much sin but there will be enough left to enable you to get a decent living in the world. As I would as soon preach in a barrel with the bung-hole stopped, as here, I will dismiss you at once, with my blessing. All the advice I have to give you is: Keep quiet—try to be cool—take a bath night and morning—wear light clothing—sleep on straw beds—eat principally vegetable food—do nothing to worry your conscience—don't let politics and mosquitoes trouble you more than you can help—and above all, keep clear of depts. So mote it be!

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

The following items, says the Ohio Cultivator which we find in the Prairie Farmer, we have often tried in our household experience, and can testify to their utility.

DRY BREAD GRIDDLES.—Let nothing be lost, was the command of one who made no mistake, great or small. The careful housekeeper can carry out the idea in relation to a multitude of things not of great importance in themselves singly, but of no small moment in the aggregate, and in their relation to other things.

There will accumulate in every household, an amount greater or smaller of dry crusts, bits of bread, and pieces of cake, which have somehow or other got left, and are to be disposed of in some way. A common fashion of doing it, is to cast them to the pigs or fowls, or to do even worse than that by leaving them to the rats and mice: Others know how to use them in puddings; or to furnish them in a shape well relished by children as powdered bread, to be eaten in milk. But few, perhaps, have ever thought of making them into griddle cakes—yet they may make a very superior article of this kind, and one easier of digestion than almost any other.

To a quart of milk add the pieces of broken bread, sufficient to absorb it. If the bread be sour, use sweet milk; if the bread be sweet use sour milk; let them soak three hours, then strain the whole through a sieve; add half a tea-spoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of butter, two eggs, and saleratus sufficient to cure the acidity. Mix the whole and bake. Eat the cakes with butter, with or without sugar, honey or syrup.

BURNS.—For burns or scalds apply dry flour, at once, and keep it on the wound till it is healed. If it cannot be made to stick, grease or oil the part, so as to form a coat of it. We knew a child a short time since, to burn the back of its hand so as to take off the skin entire. The flour relieved the pain instantly, and under its cover, the wound healed in a few days, with no suffering to the patient.

FOR PICKLING EGGS.—If the following pickle were generally known, it would be more generally used. It is an excellent pickle to be put in with cold meat, &c. The eggs should be boiled hard (say ten minutes,) and divested of their shells; when quite cold put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar (sufficient to quite cover them) in which has been poured the usual spices for pickling; tie the jars down tight, with bladder, and keep them until they begin to change color.

Mills's Equestrian Statue.

A correspondent of *Harpers' Magazine* is disposed to censure the equestrian statue of General Jackson, by MILLS, which has excited such universal admiration. The writer represents himself as a mail contractor, and if we place faith in the adage that every man is to be trusted in his own art, we need not necessarily infer that he is a connoisseur in sculpture. He objects to the color of the statue, and to its being perched so adroitly upon two legs. The color is said to be too bright. We apprehend that it will be dimmed soon enough by exposure to our climate. As to the other objection, we cannot but regard it as a great merit in the artist that he has been enabled to dispense with the various artificial contrivances that have been resorted to by the most eminent sculptors to support their equestrian statues. A group of serpents sustain FALCONER's celebrated statue of Peter the Great. Another celebrated statue is supported by the tail of the horse, and in other cases more bare and simple contrivances have been employed. MILLS has succeeded in making a self-supported equestrian statue; and it may be an "Americanism" in us to admire his work on that account, among others, but that will not induce us to withhold our admiration.

It is the general spirit of this production that excites the wonder of all who behold it. Every body is not critical, but every body knows what pleases him, and the united voices of the uninformed indicate, perhaps more truly than the dissonant criticism of the initiated, the merits of a statue of this description. A work that has induced such a Congress as has just expired to vote \$20,000 as a gratuity to the sculptor, and \$50,000 to engage him on a new undertaking, cannot be without remarkable merit of some sort. In this case we think our representatives were carried away by the effect of the statue, which to us is striking and imposing beyond any thing we have seen in art. We do not suppose that there was more than one man in either House capable of passing a critical judgment on the statue as a work of art, but they were astonished and carried away by it. It will produce the same effect among the masses everywhere, in spite of the critics. We care not what connoisseurs say of a work that satisfies and delights the nation.

We would not be understood however, to intimate that this work of Mills has failed to please men familiar with the art. From what we have learned and heard, it is highly commended by the class who claim to be the "best judges." Our friend the mail contractor is the first person we have met with who is disposed to undervalue it, in that cant of criticism which Strauss says is of all cants the most disgusting. As all the world is about going to the World's Fair, they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves with regard to the merits of this very remarkable work of art—the original cast of which, we learn from the New York papers, will be exhibited during the continuance of the Fair in a spacious hall that has been procured in the immediate neighborhood. The space, we understand, that could be allotted to the statue in the Crystal Palace was not sufficient to exhibit it to advantage.

THE WIDOW OF GEN. HARRISON.

The estimable widow of Gen. Harrison still occupies a portion of the old mansion at North Bend, where she is watched over by the filial care of the family of Col. Taylor. She is in the serene evening of a long and eventful life, and, though bearing the weight of many years, is still able to move about her room. The excellent woman became the wife of Gen. (then Capt.) Harrison, near the close of the last century, while he was in command of Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. Her father, Judge Symmes, was principal of the original proprietors of the Miami purchase, a tract of 248,000 acres, which was first purchased at a price of sixty-six cents per acre. The present Harrison estate consists of 800 acres at North Bend, and 420 at the mouth of the Miami. The property is as yet undivided, though it is the intention of the heirs to effect a division the coming season. The step is rendered necessary by the fact that, from the almost constant absence of the proprietors in former years, the productiveness of the land has so far deteriorated that a strong personal interest in the soil is indispensable to its reclamation. The estate formerly embraced a large tract of intervalle land to the northward, but is now mostly composed of high rolling lands near the Ohio.—*Cor. Ohio State Journal.*

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.—The "local" of the Nashville Gazette gives the following interesting instance of his painful experience.

We were met by a friend a few evenings ago, who was aware that we were a pretty strong believer in spiritual rappings, and having himself been convinced of the truth of it, he was on his way looking for us when we met him. In a high state of excitement he said to us, "Brown is a medium!" "He is" said we. "Yes, really so?" Well, glad to hear it, we hope he will now be convinced; we thought he would be a medium, for he is always thinking about the subject. Brown is a strange genius! After expressing our opinion after the above manner for the time, we arrived at the room where the rapping purported to be. The door was slightly opened, when we discovered part of a ghost-like countenance, who whispered to us to be perfectly calm, as the occasion was one of great solemnity. We then stepped in, and over on the opposite side of the room sat Brown, the medium, with his face so white and expression so sad, that we felt a little like we were in the spirit world. We were determined, however, to shake hands with the medium, as he was a particular friend of ours; so with unsteady step, and rather on the Shaking-Quaker order, we advanced and took him by the hand. After telling him that we always thought he would be a medium, &c., he asked us if we had any questions to ask. We answered in the affirmative. He then placed us in a position on the counter, and told us to ask the question. Being rather at a loss to know how to hold converse with in the spiritual world, and thinking of the lines of the poet when he said:

"I say, ye dead, will none of you in pity
Disclose the secret—
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?"

We suddenly recollected that a cousin and an uncle, captain and first mate of a merchantman, had sailed for the shores of South America, some two years ago, and ship, crew and nothing else have ever been heard of. Wishing to know about them, we asked if we could hold communication with the spirit of our uncle, and asked if he was lost on the voyage. Every one present was perfectly still, and every countenance presented the picture of sadness; we could now feel our teeth clattering at a terrible rate. The medium was at his post, and all at once he pulled a string, and no sooner seen than felt—an inch and half needle was making its way into our pantaloons! As we jumped from the counter, the whole scene was changed—instead of sadness on every countenance, some were rolling about the floor, nearly killing themselves laughing, while others went out into the street, to give their lungs full sway.

We had been pointedly convinced of the truth of spiritual rappings, if about an inch of steel had anything to do with it, and we certainly knew we had been victimized, and determined not to let the matter drop, we hunted up a subject, and brought him to the scene of gloom, and after the usual ceremonies; instead of being the victim, we were part of the audience, and from our unusual good nature, enjoyed the sport, perhaps more than the balance of the party.

The Syracuse Star says: In the State of Ohio, there resided a family consisting of an old man, by the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of them very hard "pots" who had very often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric minister who resides in the same town. It happened that one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent, and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise—"O Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee to send a rattlesnake to bite John, send one to bite Sam; and, O Lord send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance!"

If eight men dig twelve days and find nothing, how long must twenty-two men dig to find just double this amount? Answers containing remittances will be received till the mail closes.

A strong-minded woman in Alabama was once heard to remark that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly that she had to scream out every time she looked at him.

INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

Professor Faraday, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of England, upon "the magnetic forces," made the following interesting announcements.

"A German astronomer has for many years been watching the spots in the sun, and daily recording the result.

From year to year the groups of spots vary. They are sometimes very numerous, sometimes they are few. After a while it became evident that the variation in number followed a descending scale through five years, and then an ascending scale through five subsequent years, so that the periodicity of the variations became a visible fact."

While our German friend was busy with his groups of sun-spots, an Englishman was busy with the variations of the magnetic needle. He, too, was a patent recorder of patent observations. On comparing his tabular results with those of the German astronomer, he found that the variations of the magnetic needle corresponded with the variations of the sun-spots—that the year when the groups were at their maximum, the variations of the needle were at their maximum, and so on through their series. This relation may be coincident merely, or derivative; if the latter, then we do not connect astral and terrestrial magnetism, and new reaches of science are open to us."

WASHINGTON.—The following Indian legend, relative to the spirit-home of Washington, is extracted from Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*. It is curious, as showing the estimation in which the father of his country was held by this singular people, and their idea of future felicity:

Among the modern beliefs engrafted upon the ancient faith of the Iroquois, there is one which is worthy of particular notice: It relates to Washington.

According to their present belief, no white man ever reached the Indian heaven. Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provision was made for him in their schemes of theology. He was excluded both from heaven and from the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood pre-eminent above all other white men. When by the peace of 1783, the Indians were abandoned by their British allies, and left to make their own terms with the American government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severe measures than the other tribes in their alliance.

At this critical moment Washington interfered in their behalf as the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of a policy towards them of the most enlightened justice and humanity.

After his death he was mourned by Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread among them that the Great Spirit had received into celestial residence upon the plains of Heaven the only white man whose deeds had entitled him to this heavenly favor. Just by the entrance of Heaven is a wall enclosure, the ample grounds within which are laid out with avenues and shaded walks. Within a spacious mansion, constructed in a fashion of afort. Every object in nature which could please a cultivated taste had been gathered in this blooming Eden to render it a happy dwelling place for the immortal Washington. The faithful Indian, as he enters Heaven, passes the enclosure. He sees the illustrious inmate as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation. But no word passes his lips. Dressed in his uniform, and in a state of perfect felicity, he is destined to remain through eternity in the solitary enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit."

LOST.—A small lady's watch with a white face; also two ivory young ladies work boxes. A mahogany gentleman's dressing case.

SERVANT-GALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSES?—Servant gal (as ugly as sin.) "I tell you what, cooking with my beauty and figger, I aint a going to stop in service any longer. I shall be off to Horsetraylor."

Why is a horse the most unhappy animal in existence? Because all his thoughts are on the rack, and his greatest bliss is in score (whom?)